There's A Promise

Words: Unknown
Music: William A. May

1. There's a promise, O how precious! For the sin-stained soul to know,
   Pouring o'er his guilt and vileness, Cleansing with its crimson pressed,
   Lift ing all life's weary burdens From the worn and troubled sea,
   Sounding sweet above the tumult, Bidding doubt and fear to flow.
   "Tho' your sins they be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow,
   "Come to Me, all ye that labor, And I'll surely give you rest flee.
   "I in perfect peace will keep Thee, If Thou'll stay Thy mind on me,
   Tho' your sins they be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow."

2. There's a promise, O how precious! When by care and sorrow
   Know, Pouring o'er his guilt and vileness, Cleansing with its crimson pressed,
   Lift ing all life's weary burdens From the worn and troubled sea,
   Sounding sweet above the tumult, Bidding doubt and fear to flow.
   "Tho' your sins they be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow,
   "Come to Me, all ye that labor, And I'll surely give you rest flee.
   "I in perfect peace will keep Thee, If Thou'll stay Thy mind on me,
   Tho' your sins they be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow."

3. There's a promise, O how precious! 'Midst the storms of life's wild
   know, Pouring o'er his guilt and vileness, Cleansing with its crimson pressed,
   Lift ing all life's weary burdens From the worn and troubled sea,
   Sounding sweet above the tumult, Bidding doubt and fear to flow.
   "Tho' your sins they be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow,
   "Come to Me, all ye that labor, And I'll surely give you rest flee.
   "I in perfect peace will keep Thee, If Thou'll stay Thy mind on me,
   Tho' your sins they be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow."